
THE
HISTORY OF
Little King Pippin.



HARTFORD ;
Printed by Sheldon & Goodwin.
Stereotype Edition.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION



LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES



THE

HISTORY

OF

LITTLE KING PIPPIN,

WITH AN

Account of the melancholy death of
four naughty boys who were devour-
ed by wild beasts ;

AND THE

WONDERFUL DELIVERY OF

MASTER HARRY HARMLESS,

BY A LITTLE WHITE HORSE.

HARTFORD :

Printed by Sheldon & Goodwin.

.. 000

[Stereotyped by J. F. & C. Starr.]

Capital Letters.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M
N O P Q R S T U V W
X Y Z.

Small Letters.

a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p
q r s t u v w x y z &c.

Vowels.

A E I O U Y—a e i o u y.

Points.

, ; : . - ? ! ' () [] * † ‡ § || ¶

THE
HISTORY
OF
LITTLE KING PIPPIN.

PETER PIPPIN was the son
of Gaffer and Gammar Pip-
pin,

*Who liv'd at the ivy house under the hill,
And if they're not gone they live there still.*



This is the house, and a pretty little snug place it is, and there are Peter and his father and mother at the door. Daddy, says Peter, I wish I could have another little book, for I have read Mr. Love-child's Golden Present so often, that I can repeat it without the book ; I am very glad to hear it, Peter, says his father, and I wish I could afford to buy you books as fast as you can learn them. I have been saving a penny a week these five weeks, to buy the Ladder of Learning for you ; well then, says Peter, I have got a penny, which was given me this morning by Miss Kitty Kindness, so that will make sixpence ; oh, dear, I should like vastly to have the Ladder to Learning, and you shall see how fast I will climb up it ; pray give me your fivepence, father.

and I will run to farmer Giles with it directly, and desire him to bring it down for me when he goes to London next week ; and away he ran to farmer Giles, and gave him the money to buy the Ladder to Learning.

Now how many silly boys would have spent that penny in apples or gingerbread, or some such trash, and when they had eaten it, what would they have been the better for it ?—Why, nothing at all ; but Peter did not lay out his money in such an idle manner ; whenever he got a penny, he bought food for his mind, instead of his belly, and you will find he afterwards reaped the benefit of it.

Well, the next week Peter had his new book, and here he sits reading it under a hedge, where he was sent to keep away the

crows from farmer Giles's corn;
and you see he neither neglected
his book nor his work.

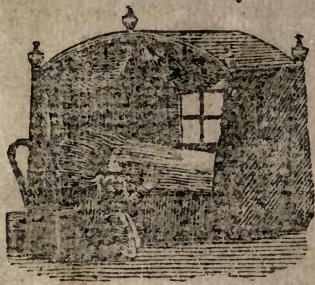


*"Away, away, John Carrion Crow,
The master hath enow,
Down in his barley mow."*

See how he makes them fly, and
as soon as they are gone, out he
whips his little book, and reads till
they come back again, for Gaffer

Pippin being but a poor labouring man, could not afford to keep Peter at school, so he was obliged to go out to work, though he was but six years old.

But good fortune is generally attendant on good and virtuous actions, and so it happened to Peter, who was certainly one of the best boys in the whole country: he always did what his father and mother bid him not only without



murmuring, but with pleasure in his countenance; he never went to bed or got up in the morning, without kneeling down by his bed side to say his prayers; nor was he known to tell a fib, or say a naughty word, or to quarrel with his play-fellows.

As he was coming home from work one evening, wishing he had another new book, he could not help crying, because he had no money to buy one; so being met



by lady Bountiful, whose country seat was but a small distance from the ivy house, she asked what he cried for? Peter was afraid to tell at first, lest she should be angry with him; but her ladyship insisted on knowing, and Peter was determined never to tell a fib, so out came the truth; well, says she, Peter, you need not have been ashamed to tell me, there is no harm in it, dry up your tears;—I know you are a good boy, very dutiful to your parents, and obliging to every one; and since you are so desirous of improving your mind, you shall not be deprived of the benefits of education because you are poor, so do you and your father come to me to-morrow morning, and I will see what I can do for you. Peter returned thanks, made one of his best bows,

and ran home whistling and singing as merry as a Cricket. As soon as he had got within side the door, good news, good news, says he, father, you and I are to go to lady Bountiful's to-morrow morning : I believe her ladyship is going to put me to school. Peter's head was so full of it, that he scarce slept a wink all night ; and he got up the next morning at four o'clock, put on his Sunday clothes, washed his face and hands, combed out his hair, and looked as brisk as a bee ; and about six o'clock, away his father and he trudged to lady Bountiful's ; as soon as they arrived, they were ordered into her ladyship's parlour. Well, says she, Gaffer Pippin, since you cannot afford to put Peter to school, I will send him at my own expense ; so carry this letter to Mr. Teach-

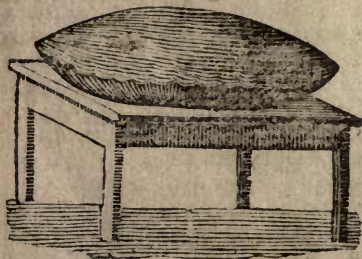
um, the school-master, and he will be taken as much care of as if he was my own son. A thousand blessings on your ladyship, says the old man, I hope God Almighty will reward you for your goodness to my poor boy. It is no more than Peter deserves, says her ladyship, and as long as he continues such a good boy, he shall not want a friend; but make haste away with him, Gaffer Pip-pin, or you will not get there before it is dark, for they had near twenty miles to walk. So taking Peter by his hand, they set off towards school; but they had not walked above a mile or two, before they were overtaken by a gentleman's coach which stopped as soon as it came up with them, and the gentleman looked out, and asked if that was not little Peter

Pippin, whom he had heard was such a good boy? Yes, sir, replied Gaffer Pippin, it is. Indeed, says the gentleman, I thought so, from that good nature which is so visible in his countenance; pray how far are you going? To Mr. Teachum's school, sir, replied Peter. A very fortunate meeting, says the gentle-



man, I am going to the same place with my two sons, so you shall ride with me in my coach. You need not trouble yourself to go any farther, Gaffer Pippin, I will take care of your son; so thanking the gentleman for his kindness, and bestowing his blessing on Peter, the old man returned to his work. As soon as Peter was seated in the coach, the gentleman informed him, that he was going to a school where he would meet with kind usage and good entertainment.—You live very well, says he to his son, don't you, Tommy? Yes, sir, replied Tommy, we have apple-pye two or three times a week. Then I dare say you know how to spell apple-pye, don't you, Tommy? O yes, sir—ap-ple-pey. And how do you spell it, Billy? says he to his other son. Ap-pell-py. And how do you spell it, Peter?

AP-PLE-PYE,



sir. That's right, you are a good boy ; and there is a sixpence for you ; and as for you two dunces, I will take care that you shall neither of you have another bit of apple-pye till you know how to spell it ; and he was as good as his word—for though all the boys had apple-pye the next day for dinner, neither of them were suf-

ferred to eat a bit, because they had not learned to spell it; so they were obliged to sit and look at the rest, like two blockheads as they were.

The same affable behaviour which had gained him the esteem of all his acquaintance at home, soon made Peter equally respected at school; nay, all the good boys were so well pleased with the sweetness of his temper, and the good advice he always gave them, when any quarrel or disagreement happened between them, that they came to a resolution to elect him their king, by the title of the king of good boys; and he was always after called **LITTLE KING PIPPIN**, (so we shall give him the same title through the remainder of this history,) and all disputes between them, of what-

ever nature, were referred to his decision; and so great was their respect for their king, and so just were his determinations on these occasions, that they were always submitted to without murmuring or repining; as a badge of distinction for their new king, they made a general subscription, and bought him a fine cap, ornamented with a white feather, and round it was engraven in letters of gold, Peter Pippin, King of of the Good Boys. A few days after Peter was chosen king, as George Graceless, Neddy Never-pray, and two or three other boys, as naughty as themselves, were playing at marbles in the church-yard, George Graceless's brother Jacky, who was a very good natured little boy, happened to stop his brother George's marble by accident, upon which he flew

into such a violent passion, took the Lord's name in vain, called his brother fool, and made use of a great many other wicked expressions, which so shocked little King Pippin, who was standing by, that



he could not forbear speaking to little Graceless; pray master Graceless, says he, do you know the con-

sequences of these shocking expressions? did you never read in your Bible, that whoever calleth his brother fool, is in danger of hell-fire? and don't you know that one of the commandments says, Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain? Where can you expect to go when you die?—Pooh, says little Graceless, don't tell me any of your nonsensical stuff about dying; I have many a good year to live yet; do you mind your reading, and let me alone to my play. Oh fy, oh fy, master Graceless, says little King Pippin, God Almighty, if he pleased, could strike you dead this moment; and however secure you may think yourself, be assured—

There's not a sin that you commit,
 Nor wicked word you say,
 But in God's dreadful book 'tis writ,
 Against the judgment day.

There's not a fib that e'er was told,
 Or evil thought arose,
 But in that book is safe enroll'd,
 As that day will disclose.

Shah! says he, I am not afraid of
 that, and away he went singing—

Let us be merry and gay,
 And drive away care and sorrow;
 We'll laugh and sing to day,
 And think about death to-morrow.

as thoughtless and unconcerned,
 as if he had done nothing amiss,
 and now the clock striking two,
 which was the hour for returning
 to school, Billy meanwell, Sammy
 Sober, Bobby Bright, Tommy
 Tell-truth, and all the rest of the
 good boys, with little King Pip-

pin at their head, ran as fast as they could, to try who should get into school first; but George Graceless and his companions, being on the other side of the church, saw nothing of their running into school, and their minds were so taken up with play, that they never heard the clock strike, and continued playing so long till they were afraid to go in, so at last they agreed to play truant, and away they went together bird's nesting. The first nest they found was a poor little Robin Red Breast's, and one of them, whose name was Harry Harmless, and who was not so hard-hearted as the rest, (indeed his chief fault was keeping company with these wicked boys.) persuaded them not to destroy it; for, says he, Robin Red Breast is such a pretty innocent bird,



that I can't find in my heart to do it any harm, and it was that good natured bird that covered the poor little children in the wood with leaves when they were starved to death.—Pooh, says George Graceless and Tom Tyger, what signifies talking such stuff as that, and down they pulled the poor Robin's eggs, nest

and all, and left the pretty little bird making such piteous moans, as would have melted the heart of a stone ; but they turned a deaf ear to his tender cries, and went on destroying every nest they could find, without paying any distinction to the most innocent of the feathered race. At last they came to a turtle dove's nest, which was on the top of a great high tree that hung over a deep river ; George Graceless, always the most forward to undertake any dangerous and mischievous exploit, directly pulled off his coat and waist-coat, and climbed up the tree, but just as he got to the top, and was stretching out his wicked hand to take away the turtle dove's eggs, crack goes the limb, and down he fell into the river ; oh, save me, save me, I shall be drown-

ed, oh that I had attended to the good advice of little King Pippin, cried he, and with these words, he went to the bottom, and was never seen more ; the rest of his companions began now to see the folly and wickedness of neglecting their books for idle mischief, and heartily repented that they had not staid at school, instead of playing truant ; and dreading to appear before their master, both on account of their own naughty behaviour, and the melancholy accident which had happened to George Graceless, they strolled about from one field to another, till it was dark, and then went and laid themselves under some bushes in an adjacent wood, where they fell asleep ; but, alas ! their sleep was very short, for in less than an hour, they were awaken-

ed by such horrible howlings of wild beasts as were scarce ever heard ; tygers, wolves, and lions, hunting for their prey, with eyes that glared like balls of fire, rushed by them every instant ; in this situation, expecting every moment to be torn to pieces, Harry Harmless requested them all to betake themselves to prayer to God Almighty to guard and protect them from the terrible dangers which now surrounded them. But oh, shame to tell, not one of them except Harry Harmless himself, could repeat or indeed had ever learned a single prayer ; upon which Harry, justly concluding, that those naughty boys who had so totally neglected their duty to their Creator, could have no claim whatever to his protection, thought he should be in more safety alone,

than in such wicked company—— therefore moved at a distance from them, and kneeled down to prayers by himself; and he had not left them but a few minutes before two monstrous lions came and devoured every one of them; after they had eaten those wicked boys, they went to Harry Harmless, but instead of devouring him as they had done the others, they seemed as fond of him as a dam of her young, licked his face and hands with their tongues, and then laid down quietly by his side, for God Almighty had heard his prayers, as he always will those of all good little boys and girls, and had converted the natural rage and fierceness of these dreadful beasts, into the meekness and gentleness of lambs. When morning came, Harry found he had wandered so

far from home, that he could not tell which way to return; but as he was sitting on the side of a bank, reflecting on the danger and folly of keeping such naughty company, and the many wicked ways little boys are too often led into by that means, he was surprised by the neighing of a horse, and looking round, there was the prettiest milk white little creature galloping towards him that ever was seen, with a little bridle on, and a saddle and stirrups on his back, and running directly up to Harry, he fell on his knees seemingly to invite him to get on his back—Harry was almost afraid to trust himself on the horse at first, but recollecting that the same Almighty hand which had rescued him from the paws of the lions, could protect him from every oth-

er danger—he mounted on his back, and he was no sooner seated than the pretty little thing gallop-



ed away with him as fast as he could run, and never stopt till he brought him within a little distance from home; when dropping down again on his knees, in the same manner as when he took him up; Harry imagining it to be the signal to dismount, immediately alighted, and letting go the bri-

dle, the little white horse set off neighing and galloping as when he first found him, and was out of sight in an instant. As soon as the unhappy account of the death of George Graceless and his companions was made known to their master, he was obliged to dispatch a messenger to inform their parents; and the shocking news had such a melancholy effect upon George Graceless's papa and mama, that they both died of a broken heart within a month afterwards; and the parents of the other naughty boys were so greatly afflicted with their loss, that it rendered the remainder of their lives miserable. Such were the fatal consequence of these naughty boys neglecting that duty which every one owes to his Maker; and which, above all things, should

never be forgotten ; for, had they learned their prayers, and said them every evening and morning, they would not have been at a loss to have repeated them when surrounded by the wild beasts ; and then, no doubt, God Almighty would have saved them as well as Harry Harmless ; and, instead of being the means of breaking their parents' hearts, they might have lived to have been the comfort and support of their old age, and perhaps have become as great men as Little King Pippin.

